The Waves

2nd Feb:

1931.

NYPL

Monday
Feby 2nd
1931

"I" had died — I mean the real Bernard, the man who remains when all the others have gone; the annotating Scribbling, Letting, Considering Combative animal; who, after a time always returns some echo, makes some answer when I question him, coming home in the evening, sitting down by the fire: that incorruptible, faithful, & essential man. The woods had vanished; the Earth was a mere wash of shadow. No sound broke the silence of the wintry landscape. No cock crowed. No smoke rose. No train moved. A man without a self, I said. A very lonely man. A dead man. A heavy body leaning upon a wooden gate.

With dispassionate serenity I could see the dust dance of the heart; my life a whirl of dust: & those fabulous presences, her men with brooms, women watering the willow tree by the river — those cloudy phantoms, made entirely of dust too, dreams, mirages, clouds travelling, changing & for ever losing & gaining, mutable rain. ~~In my breast heart. I said,~~ I recorded many phrases: ~~under B. brotherly~~ ~~wonder, under D, phrases on the death of friend.~~ And the ~~them~~ changes, I change. I a shadow, had taken note of shadows, ~~not a, naturally, positing.~~ But how can I proceed now, without a self, weightless, nameless, through an empty world? a world stuffed of air, of illusion?

You took not how the systems dependency of

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there first ticks through the colourless ~~wood~~, full, which I now
entered, chewing the fate with the pressure of a dead body, as
man without a self; an Elderly man, No more to hear
Echoes, no more like phantoms. but to walk always
without a shadow across the dead earth. Where had been
flocks of sheep, or a rabbit, or a fame keeper in jacket:
had there been any creature, had there been the
opposition even of a bramble, a ditch, a fall:
but no, that melancholy path led only to
another (view of the same landscape;) more wintriness a
pallor of the negative ~~of~~ view of the same
landscape.

Now then dare light return after the oblivion of the
dew? Very Miraculously. Faintly. In thin
flakes; like bars of It hangs like a glass cage: a
hoop; ~~which~~ to be fractured by a touch:
there is a spark there. Next moment a flash of blue.
Then is redness as if earth were breathing ~~as a~~
twice for the first time. And then under the
the dulness were are washes with a ~~green~~ lamp. And
then off twists a white wraith. The
frost a wood ~~a~~ ~~brown~~ ~~thing~~ a blue: a green; & the
gradually drunk in brown. Suddenly a rose
scatter a blue light. ~~There~~ It wounds stabs. it
seems to hover unbelame. it feels an weight; it
wounds, sinks, seems to drowning to rebirth to
be beneath one again:

So the landscape returned to me; but
now with this extraordinary difference, that
I saw it between not seen. I walked unshadowed.

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I came unheralded from me had drifted the old cloak – the
old flesh, the old costume, echo, the hollowed head
which beat back sounds; like them on a ghost,
which, leaving no trace; perceived merely; without
phrase, alone, new in a world never trodden; among
unknown ways, tracing the new flowers: ——
unable to speak save in the word, one two three,
merely records, blue white red, . distant without
phrase (I who has made so many) unattended,
I who have always gone with my kind,
voluntary, I who have often laughed wonder alone,
with the Bernard who has been with me mai
that day I woke in a nursery, saw the
bed & the cupboard & a hoop & ford.
But how shall one describe the world seen like then
whatever self? Can that self fade; can that it
undergoes that gradual transformation; becomes,
as even in a short week, habitual ash;
Blenders where one meets, & one leaf repeats
another. Loneliness where & ask to phantoms.
One lives – one has to live.
But for one moment, sitting on the turf,
somewhere high, above the flow of the world, & of
bleating herds, the ware gifts [illegible], I
worth as a self, rejoiced; oh & wept; & felt
now what Rhoda had felt, when she died,
by her own hand escaping: & then Crowned
Susan Jony Hope Hugh: & was Neville,
most reliant, most wise: & Jinny, the
hot flash of the summer's heat, & Louis,

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bending

bending on with her own hands on one rein; I who think,
have been life, have been death; I have watched like the sea
from there to there.

So I was thinking when I met you, here in the
vestibule of the restaurant. The place where one
hangs up his coat.
I was thinking, It does not matter what whom I,
mean. All this little affair of 'being Bernard' is
over. Here is some one whose back seems
vaguely familiar to me; but whose name I
cannot remember. We walk home together.
Then I hung up my coat, & tapping you on the
shoulder said 'Sit with me.'
But gaily where we are, ~~that there after of here & now~~,
what that whole city looks down upon, whether it is
Paris or London or some small village ~~by another~~
~~filled on a desert land~~, of bent wicked houses
lying under cypresses, under the high mountains
where the eagles ~~largely~~ roam, I am not ~~now certain~~
I begin now to forget: I begin to doubt the
fixity, the reality of here & now. I have seen so
much: I have talked so much: I have lost in
the process of eating drinking, living ~~that the~~
~~then~~ hard shell which cases the soul; ~~which~~
~~that is I~~ which ~~is~~ makes ~~thats~~ one is.
Who am 'I'? Am I Bernard Neville, or
Jenny & Jinny, or Rhoda or Louis?
I assure you, I do not altogether know.

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true, Percival is dead; we is Rhoda; ~~& after others~~ we
are divided; we are not here. ~~But~~ Yet when I
said I will tell you the story of my life, I could not
feel any obstacle separating us; any diversion between
me & them; ~~so but rather~~, as I looked down the long
table at which we sat, I felt ~~both here, I am not~~
~~one person~~. But I am you: ~~I am~~ It seemed to me that
the diversity we breathe of, this solitude, this
identity was ~~often~~ overcome; ~~&~~ Even since old
Mrs Constable taught me round with rings,
I have which wounds came - heat & cold & pain &
pleasure - I have been ~~like any number of people~~:
I have received blows
that fell on others.
Here on my brow is the mark received when Percival
fell: here on the nape of my neck I bear the hot kiss
that Jinny gave Louis. ~~I have lived many adventures.~~
I must have been a savage; ~~I must have been~~
surely I have had the wind & the sea in my ears
always. Susan's tears were ~~all our tears~~ my!
Even now though she is dead, I see the hills in the
desert that Rhoda saw; ~~& died thinking that~~
~~would teach it.~~ ~~This a lie~~ Thus, when I come to
tell you the story of my life, I ~~am~~ have to cut myself free
back of recall from all their adventures & voyages,
some do mean, others do wonderfully appropriate,
parts of me that belong to others, that have been deposited in them:
others which how I have been blown about this
world; like the reed. the ~~sea~~ tower flings:
~~but them,~~ & what I am, & what my life
has been, I cannot say; I cannot mould
it into one object to set before you. I cannot
detach myself from the hush, & the blaze, &

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distant times & foreign climes:

This all a lie, this story: something convenient, something I fabricate to amuse you with:

When there is that old brute the red man, dancing round his fire: ~~dipping his hands in blood~~. Squabbling for ropes of entrails: Equally, heavy fuming over his fire: guttural, visceral, — such there he is. He has feasted tonight upon caviare, quails, ~~toast~~ tournedos, & some singularly delicious sweet bread: ~~while~~ & now holds in his hand a glass of fine old brandy. He now washes his hands before dinner, & puts on a fine coat, to impress the waiter; but he is naked hairy within me. He loves the scent of food. His belonging sense of human meats. He perpetually mops & mows with his hairy robot gestures ego vomitus greed & terror. I assure you I have great difficulty in controlling him sometimes. But tonight he has ~~such~~ such new that man has contributed very largely to my life; I owe him immense pleasure; & some despair. He has given a fleeting glow to green things: he has held his torch with dried blaze & set black shadows where behind almost every leaf. he has lit up the cool faded dusk: he has brandished his torch in the dark, in mockery at the cities. where girls sewing have been pierced suddenly with a red a translucency. &

he has But now he has merely misused

but when Shaw comes to hairy raw Chimpi

at dessert

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me with that serene glow: that gradual happiness. that
very complex pleasure half sensual half divine which
fills me, when, my body rising in tier after tier
light but substantial. grateful, exhilarating, the eye
sees, all these feelings. fragments of bread, &
which I felt as the bowed white gloves wandblown
faded.- the lovely shades: the artemisia
gift that is; something, like that bear, adorable. but so beautiful, mottled like a thrushes
breast, cool, firm, & often put it the skin his in
their shells, all mottled, veined, like the shells
sea shells; so that I hear again the murmur
the incessant murmur, which met my ear
in the nursery, of breaking waves. so
like the silver pronged forks: they now seem to me
lucid, logical, exact: & the salt, in gleaming
like sand; & the bones of the rolls— how
glazed. how yellow. how hard they are—
which in pantagruel, colour rises with colour,
shape changes to shape, one suddenly becomes
clear, is changed & dismembered, in the deep sea
the silvered bowl of the looking glass.
Alas, I beheld the clear opening - shattering;
yes. I could admire my hand even; what a
miracle this, with its fan of bones laced by
veins: how soft, how supple; how it seems to be a
creature another there endowed with
some finer sensibility & perception than.

which -
silver fork
new
thick &
well in

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~~Still~~ ~~And then,~~

It seems possible to blow off: infinitely receptive, ~~having held everything~~. holding everything: trembling with the fulness, the lucidity of a globe: so my brain seems, no longer lashed forth by incontestable deeds: a further changing colour: ~~to~~ Still. deep. endlessly Consciousness: unmoored at last from every form Desire: now that I am no longer that particular man Neil Bernard; ~~Even able to I look~~ Let the door open: with the unworldly about new comers as appeased: unknown tragic — we know each other: the woman in black. the man with the bitter moustache: is there anything to be added; can I know that too. Far, far away I hear the Leviathans wave fall: but it touch scarcely ~~it~~ no longer troubles my me: I ~~seem~~ am at the verge of the sea.

~~And then,~~ So for a moment, we seem ~~to have~~ Character of anything: of understanding. Taking upon ourselves the mystery of things — apparelled in darkness; ~~I could now~~ I could go now like a shy I seem to hear all that has been sung. The Savages dancing round the camp fire: The rise of the day, like a sail from a green couch: of its majestic march: & the waves bend Deepening their colour: a turning their crests: & the lonely shore; & the faded colour of the land wake: the day sunnels between the Islands: the sleepers waking: & the house gradually wraps. ~~Still~~ while here, in this

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restaurant we sit among crumbled bread, a the door opens
swings on its hinge, a voice come & voice go.

Yes, but. And then, as before, at the cries,
how many thousand times — oft repeated, comes
this. I mean to you; Immured in dreams, calabre
almost of wave finally, like a drop that
at length touches its mother lake Juliet, or
the wave that bursts, I touch what is hard; &
all breaks. And the endless process begins again:
always new; always unknown; You too, the
noah. the like. the unknown as they are true,
yet begin, to get that pressure which we
cannot help resenting, yet at the same time
welcome; for I am compelled, merely because I am
with you, at this table, to desist from
be an elderly bald-headed man again. This
nonsense to think that are bursts that
Constraint. Oh dear no. Nonsense to imagine
Dissolute, complete — not so long as you
sit opposite me. I am driven into my shell.
The moment assert its supremacy. Here
we are; we must — there is the hammer knock
again — summon the waiter. I see myself
as you see me, elderly, rather & stout, a little
grey, worn, decidy battered: one person, in a
coat, where I had been thinking myself oh
thousand. all scattered; part of all time. So
But when you summon the waiter, &
he goes to behind that screen to tot up
the bill, Crumbs & bodies lie for me

you;
artiste me.

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I survey the disordered table - bottles, crumbs, crumpled
napkins, knives laid across each other. The old
everlasting opposition returns: a worse horror; a worse
disgust. Disorder, sordidness, corruption lie before me.
Flies are buzzing. People are yawning. Parting with the
Discomfort draws near. I have felt worse worse; & the
Coffee is one greasy knife can feel. How dispiriting
how laborious, how distasteful! How the mysteries
Meanings of the word abhorrence. How it pierces
through all layers of the organism; & burns
famishes & turns to turmoil. How intensely
disagreeable & healthy life is! — & what a tremendous
struggle, this little one is! — to get up & go.

Well then, since the hole is hard nothing remains
but to go down again. I have found them — how
can I put them in the most casual way — what
most ordinary, usual word can I find! Those
[illegible] to give you an account of my life:
[illegible] word rhetorical. Too long — that affected —
I am tired of phrases. I am like that I spoke in
the waiting hole; red & blue, cat, dog — the
little words; hell, no words. Silence

Now the face is gone — now the hyena is gone
whom I seemed to have seen once. And I am alone.
I am now breathing happily without an audience.
That pressure is removed. Now I need
lie no longer.

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concealing someone ?. Concealing nothing? I do not know.

Oh but I catch your eye - There is no escape. No no merely. No end seems to this ~~Eternal~~ struggle. I who had been thinking myself ~~immune~~, so vast, so much ~~rid~~ by myself at last, am become in one second, at the touch of your ~~the~~ eye what you see - that is an elderly man, rather heavy, a little grey: a man who only takes up so much space in his seat: a particular kind of ~~thing~~. This is a humiliation; ~~a shock~~. This is Intolerable. Could you ~~me~~, I ~~should be staggering~~, really, like a man who has walked bang into a lamp post: & sits in one side, putting his hands to his head. I have made an awful fool of myself. & I must pick up my stick & my hat - where is my hat? Now I must ~~pretend~~ pick myself together & goon, with a ~~jaunty~~, affected indifference. To try to deceive you. How intolerable Disagreeable life is! ~~How the pettiness of the~~ Look at the shame, at the wounds, at that knife already congealing with blood. Disorder, sordidity & Corruption surround us. & we have to make life out of this. Oh, Lord, are we with these greasy worn & hot greasy & old implements & that we have to create. ~~Look how~~ we have to build, from the bottom the hegemony always apart. We have to jam on the wrench & pray the lock. We have to get up. We have to go. And now How the ~~the~~ rush, the roar of the incomprehensible tide sweeping away every defence - turning me over here sick in the mud in the chaos - & again I must ~~make the~~

uncleanly, unclean & contained

I am purely caught up

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collect. I must assemble, I must grasp together another collection, another Contribution. How Tremendous a Struggle there is — to stop & go.

And what about saying good bye? Yesterday, we have spent the evening together. Then I see my best always with a sense of my own inadequacy to ~~say~~ teach you: to offer you something - ~~to be as truthful with you as I to whom phrases are so~~ which, even if this a lie, is my attempt at truth. Then And you have exerted on me the pressure of your almost unknown face: you have finally given me, this very great Gift: you have made me feel like a Drunken man, Today suddenly, ~~nothing is more~~ There is nothing but what is before me. Yes you have given me, in my View, That ~~there is~~ the ~~present moment~~ the present: the flesh. the clock, the heat the taps, the cab the siren - Listen? hear the light high bell of an ambulance. I perceive with extreme intensity every ~~one~~ creak the ~~of~~ person with extreme intensity every creak the of Now - I see a Cream in the waiter short front. I see how the curtain is caught there by the back of the chair. Indeed you have hugged back the inexplicable marvel of existence: the desire to kill a cab & shut it down: the ~~mystery~~ the for the sake of a taste of weight of wound. ~~life~~

& Donna Felipa, ~~tenderly~~ tenderizabo. & almost mystic sense of the ~~the~~ you & me: & the Some cab. some Conductress. some clerk, but not again the do ons, for Eyes, lips & the Street curious. ~~in Venice, then~~ something shall we

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as if tired after a long march, had stayed with Montrose, the whereby Blackness had reached a in the final despairpoint, there had been, some extraordinarily handsome ~~& brave~~ valiant lad, ~~say a boy, say a~~ say a magnificent little creature, say a woman, say a Sojourner Truth something as I see you now, sitting up in bed in the midst of the abhorrent desolation, actually alive. And, my little heart makes me weep. Little heart I say - small yearning adventurous little heart. Creature - Oh but I am tired & tired: and 'woman' 'small' adventurous & the rest of it - how they conceal! Better we would at parting

Who are those who make us rich? The people who make us? Those human beings - those fortunes - the who those who arouse us in us who press upon us, & melt the snow from us, & How beautiful you are; how I adore you: how as you summon the world, with a ridiculous sense of importance must obey the beck - in short how I love you - & so, what words. Good bye.

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Oh that we should be capable of such suffering — that we should inflict upon ourselves such tortures — that the face of one person should have this power: a face we hardly know to. For the moment admiration of it stamped on me — that you eat, look, make, are armed, a word. Yet this shadow, this mark that watches me, has power to drive me back again, among all these other faces: to make me suffer again, a long laugh: a heat about like a moth, caught in a room, darting from light to light. for ever torn, a hand by the unshaken desires: for ever terrible; lit drawn from light to light. I remember Loneliness returns; a that despair which was for hours am I to be watched with face, how am I to find Rest wait. While they add up our bill behind that screen, wait one moment. Now that I have revolved you for the blow which sent me staggering, from the among this letter, these Stains, these gleams knives; I began to recover. I will begin to record in words of one syllable how the Clock ticks: the woman moves: the waiter has a Cream on his thirst front. the gradual running together, & coming together & running into one roar of Sound the Chemical, unreal, ordinary increasing melancoly ordinary Days: The Clock ticks: the woman walks: the waiter Rest nods his comes towards us.

When you. You who destroyed me, have also revived in me the Then a that, me they, another, tick tock tick tock, rush, wave, cry,

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the ash the fine Hair, the scarcely perceptible movement,
the pulse & blood, the cheek, the neck. the
fingers the ♀ Ornaments. the gradual
splendour, the secrecy & the softness. the shine of
eyes, then wonder & the majesty of them—
Let me not discover you: let me accept you;
ordinary, admirable you face: Chasing me:
Cry working in me such distant ones, as
Susan, when she passed me where I stood
with Needle fingers a hoop, in the Tool
House, in the Garden: & bringing back tiny
Ears the Carlton round Park, the Lea
wood, the heath & the woods as I heard it,
when I woke, & though both closed eyes looked at
the cupboard & saw the bright Light fall on the
Iron handle. How I have loved you.
But now:
Now then, good bye.

So that he has left me. That door has closed. That
life has gone. I am alone now. Out into the
street he can catch a tram, to take a cab, he already
that almost unknown person has gone. The
pressure is removed. Here are empty
coffee cups. Here are chairs, tired, but
nobody sits in them. Heaven be praised
for Solitude. Let me raise my
Head in Glory. To be alone, to be

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Let me not cast off, shake away, cast my body free.
Let me be alone. Let me thus cast off this veil of flesh;
this mutable & changing cloud that wobbles with
the least breath that changes as the sun changes.
that has been changing & funny ash day, ash night.
while I sat here I watched the stars change. I
saw the clouds pass & go. I have forgotten who
I am. For no one sees me. Heaven be praised,
no one listens upon me, & Eyes me: no one
looks out of his face into mine & comes
close & knows in & makes me shiver & make
me laugh & makes me rage.

~~Come back to!~~

~~Now returns that~~ Now comes solitude.
Now I need no longer run home & think.
I need no longer go in & out of mind;
fetch my key to voice. Feel on me the pressure
hands, & so always words, looking for warm,
imaging voices. all that gay & comy is on.
Heaven the Empire: & here - the table. And
what am I? Something freed. Something
set adrift: something like the light which
burns with its own veil; & the bird that
cries on the pillar in the desert.
Heaven be praised for solitude: for one
moment in which freed from the

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inspection from Wheatsheaf, & ask the translation. no
more time need be passed, in phrases. My
book is to be burnt. no to be dropped under the
table to appear to misread up — my chairman
coming accidentally at dawn, lucky to escape
expulsion that Dunn have dropped — old
Dawn buckets, theatre tickets, inks &
ink. Christmas Carol ink letter books.
What is the phrase for Moon? And for
Death? & for life? & for going away
& long holiday! And for ugliness?
I have never found the phrase.)
Need a letter language such as
lovers use. Need some mystic
language, when the Room comes
the months & years over me
when I be in the ditch, mouth,
ears. Nothing neat. Nothing
that comes down on the page in
ash tears — Nine & other
resonances & lonely
Echoes, that breath their
Chimes in our blood & heaten
our hearts: I have done with
language.

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Who am I? & what am I?' I the man who
sits by the fire & poker the cinders & says
wearily 'Tony, Mrs Moffat will come —
Jeeves check cups'. And Mrs.
Moffatt — Who is she? & the lady &
the gardens. And my willow tree?
Beautiful pageant; ad orable: lovely: but
vain. How much better emblems is:
the coffee cups: & the table: And
most devoted quiet days, loneliness:
most holy: most welcome — as
when after a night of storm, the
sun lies on the waves & the beach, &
the whole sea lives, & the lonely sea.
Most holy: most comfortable;
as when we bury our faces &
lie in the grass, & the clouds
grass over us; most comfortable;
most desirable.

Goldilocks Thieves,

We detain not them, for ever, at their table alone.
Do not come, wrongly, with your hands: I
trust. with only your all the way my brothers have

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to be disturbed; to eat & eat; & think & think; & sleep
& sleep.

But now, the head waiter — the manager of the
restaurant, having finished his own meal, withdraws; &
they want. alas, to lock the place up.
They hasten must go; must sleep; must
shut up the shutters; fold up the
cloths; & soon are busily moving
dust-mops backwards under the tables.

And then, however tired & done each of
us I am, I must have my say; &
find the fashionable crowd has disappeared
in the night. And then what an
unusual vacuum —

I-I-I — tired as I am, thirsty as I am,
almost worn out with all the talking,
even I, an elderly man, feeling rather heavy,
must take my say at last; & open
begin with, what?

Again I see before me the vast
street. The lamps are the stars above, but the
night dark is polished wholetowne.
There is a void & stark in the sky. There is
a void of more not. What shall I call it?

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There is a sense of the break of day. I wish we (can it
dawn - whether dawn in others, to all
Elsewhere, standing in the street, looking up
into the sky. Where is some sort of
whitening of the sky. Some sort of
renewal. Another day, another
turn of the shuttle; another spiral
weaving. The stars draw back again and
again. The pelm of mist thickens. A
redness is on some one — some old
wood fire seems to be kindled.
Colleagues light their candles.
Yes this is the ~~sense~~ eternal renewal,
renewal & return. The wave in me
once more rises: falls away: I am
aware once more again a new
dawn: growing. Swiftly
toward us the mane of
hour whose rider, morning,
first rises, then pulls him.
Reach. Whatever we

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perceive then, ye I, that I, have I reden
on we stand pawsing the pavement?
O death! ~~to~~ ye are the
enemy. ye are my grate
opponent - ye are the horrible
presence agent which I work
rede with my shear
courtesy, with my han
ffly heart like a grecy
man, like Perseus
when he pattroled ~~a~~
~~ffe~~ a like him I work
ffly mighty agent ye,
this unrayzunted, expeledy
O death.

Saturday Feb. 7th 1931

NYPL

The waves.

Interludes.

July 1st 1931.

The light struck upon the trees in the garden: & the bird here high up, here low down, gave each a solitary Chirp of sound.

making one leaf transparent & then another. One bird may keep up, another low down. The sun light ~~Brook~~ rested like the tip of a fan here upon a window, which cast a round window: here made a blue finger print of shadow upon the wall.

Sharpened the edges of the walls.

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The sun rose higher. Blue waves, green waves, swept a thin flick face over the beach circling the sea holly, & leaving shallow hools of light in the ~~sands~~ ~~over the vast regularity of the shore~~.

Dew ~~Near~~ p Wishes of shade lay on the grass, & the flowers & leaves ~~twinkled~~, as if the faden ~~were~~ danced in a mozaic of drops not yet formed into one whole. The birds whose beaks ~~were~~ dipped in the dew, where heard the sun made canary & rose, sang a strain or two together. like Waters ~~wringing~~ ~~arms & stopping~~. and then were silent: ~~walking asunder~~

1

* The rocks which had been noisy & soft, hardened & were marked with red clefts.

2

× & a this ~~black~~ rim of straw, sea weed, with some bones, & ~~twisted~~ Leg stalks.

The sun ~~rising~~ laid broader blades upon the house; the light entered the rooms, whitened the ~~table cloth~~, the edges of chairs & table, & stretched ~~the~~ ~~fe~~ ~~table cloths~~ & ~~white~~ hanging, drapery. & hanging with fine gold wires. ~~Indeed~~ ~~which~~ ~~it~~ split asunder & shook as —

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When the blue first dawn is
on the bedroom window,

the ridiculous crow of the cock

The windows showed how erratically spots of burning fire, & hollow glooms. The blind hung red at the window's edge but the red hue cut off a section & seemed to look to cut with its blade a section of darkness. Every dash Darkness rolling on seemed to heap up Darkness in mounds of unmoulded shade.

19

Sailor had sworn to her

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Darkness covered.

Now the sun had sunk.

The gaden.

The house

The world.

Darkness had taken

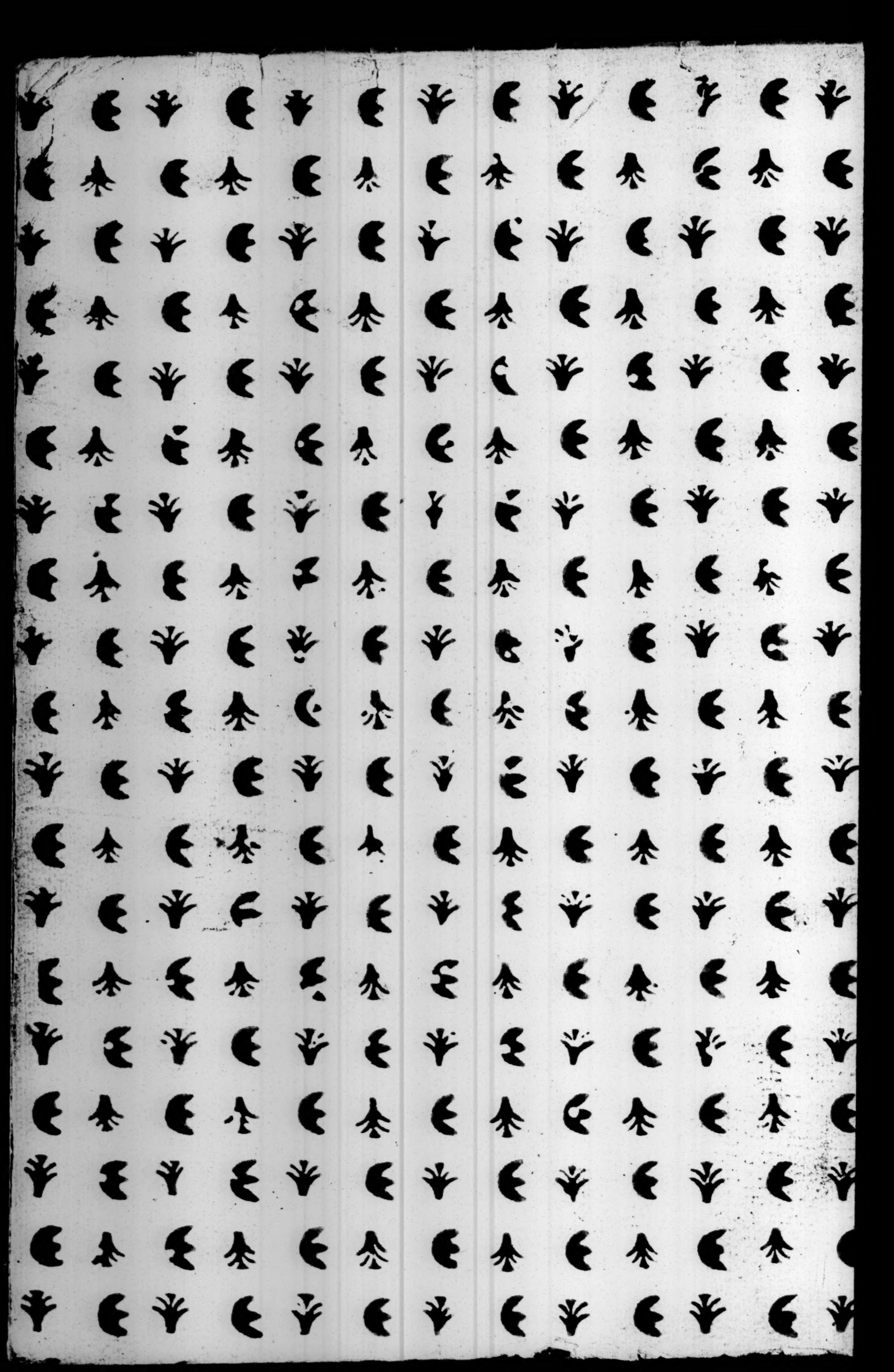
Even over the one wall - that-

& then night the sun.

The Waves..

2nd February

1931

Monday 2nd
Feb. 1931

the annotated
Hottentot
Lecuy
Considered
Comparative
Animal